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**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW
SPIKE LEE
DOES THE
TALK THING**

**JUSTICE
WILLIAM
BRENNAN
THE SUPREME
COURT
MAVERICK
BREAKS HIS
SILENCE**

**THE U.S.
WASN'T THE
BIG WINNER
IN KUWAIT
READ IT
HERE FIRST**



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By ASA BABER

Duke called me recently from his law office in Los Angeles. He was not in great shape, but there was still a touch of humor to his griping. Duke is part Hawaiian, and even when he is pissed off, he tends not to take himself too seriously.

"Ace," he said, "I can't handle it. You've got to write a column about it."

"You can't handle what, Duke?" I asked.

"Marriage," he said. "I can't take it anymore. It's getting to me, *brah*."

"Duke, you've been married how long now?" I asked.

I had been at the wedding. Duke and Laurie exchanged vows in a private home in Pasadena. They both wore pikake leis flown in from Hawaii, and after the ceremony, there was a full-fledged Hawaiian luau. Then they rode into the sunset on matching Harley motorcycles.

"I've been married almost seven years now," Duke moaned.

"Seven years, huh? Are you still getting laid?" I asked.

"Of course not," he said. "Does anybody get laid after marriage?"

"A few people do," I said, laughing.

"Well, I don't, at least not consistently. It's like a desert out there. You know, women don't need sex as much as men do. Especially after marriage. They change, I'm telling you, they change like the wind. What happens to them? Laurie always seemed to be horny when we were dating. But now? It's like there's a lock on it."

"Rumor has it that marriage changes people," I said.

"Rumor?" Duke snorted. "Listen, I've given up. I'm sleeping downstairs these days. Permanently, I think. It's a lot better that way."

"You're not going to get laid sleeping downstairs," I said.

"I'm not going to get rejected at three in the morning, either," Duke said. "That is a very difficult time to get pushed away."

"True," I said.

"And if I'm downstairs, she can't do her usual tap dance on my skull every sunrise, either."

"Right," I said, nodding.

"And I can shower and shave in peace. In my own tub. With my own rubber duckie and everything."

"That's good," I said.

"And I can sneak out of the house with-



HOW IS SHE IN THE MORNING?

out the standard morning argument."

"OK," I said. "Sounds like downstairs it is, and downstairs it shall remain."

"I figured something out, Ace. It's true for all of us guys, I think. When I wake up in the morning, there's a lot at stake for me. You know what I mean? I've got a lot of people in my life who depend on me, and in the morning, I feel like they're all sitting right on top of my shoulders. My wife, my kid, my law partners, the office employees, all waiting for me to bring home the bacon. I've got a career to protect and a mortgage to pay and law clients to serve. So I do not need a lot of crap in the morning."

"None of us do," I said.

"You know what I want in the morning? A hand job, a blow job, a roll in the hay, just some simple fun and games to start the day off with a bang. Not a lot of talking, not a lot of conflict. The truth is, I want to get laid without having to work for it. Is that a crime? That's all I want in the morning. But is that possible? Nooooo. Not for Duke and Laurie. We've got to talk in the morning, we do. No chance for sex until we've talked. We've got to discuss issues. We've got to add up budgets and make appointments and rehash arguments from the night before and scold and cry. I mean, the shit never ends."

"Shit never ends, Duke," I agreed. "That is the first law of human existence."

"But in my own home? Shit never ends in my own home? Excuse me, what is a home for if I can't put a stop right there to some of the shit in my life?"

"Maybe home is to pay for," I said. "Think of it like this: Home is a real-estate investment that is supposed to go up in value at least twenty percent a year."

"Oh, yeah? Those days are gone forever, Ace. Kiss 'em goodbye."

"Kiss, kiss," I said.

"You know me. I honestly want my life to make a difference," Duke said. "I want to be a good man. I want to do some *pro bono* work, I want to ride into court and save little old ladies in tennis shoes, I want to protect the environment, I want kids to have fathers and mothers who care for them. I don't want just big bucks and a big office."

"You're OK, Duke," I said.

"But somewhere in my life, I want some peace, some quiet, no pressure, no bullshit. I want to be among friends. I want some safety. I want to know that there is at least one place where I won't be attacked, I won't be hassled, I'll be accepted and admired and loved without conditions."

"That would be nice," I said.

"You want to talk about abuse? When your partner drops out of sex, when she withholds and denies and withdraws, when she pretends it doesn't exist, is that abuse? When she puts all sorts of conditions on it and decides not to play, is that abuse?"

"It's a form of abuse, at least in my book," I said. "But you can't say that out loud today. It's not politically correct."

"How about wanting to get laid in the morning before I go to work?" Duke asked. "Is that politically correct?"

"No, Duke, that is totally incorrect," I said, laughing.

"You know, sometimes I want to pull my dick out of my pants and lay it on the table and tell all of them, 'If you've got a problem with me, correct this while you're at it.' Is that politically correct?"

"That is very incorrect," I said, laughing. "That is unacceptable to their high standards. It is gauche and yukky. It shows no sense of common decency. And I know *exactly* what you mean."



THE WAR ON NUDITY

the great pinup controversy

PART ONE

Let's get one thing clear: Lois Robinson was never physically assaulted or sexually propositioned in the course of her work as a welder at the Jacksonville, Florida, shipyard. She was promoted from third-class welder to second-class welder and from second-class welder to first-class welder for the usual reasons.

So how was it that she won what feminist lawyers claim is a stunning victory in the realm of sexual-harassment law?

Robinson and a team of lawyers from the National Organization for Women Legal Defense and Education Fund managed to convince a Florida judge that pinups can create a hostile environment of "visual assault on the sensibilities of female workers."

Robinson, who was unable to recall the exact number of days she had missed work because of pinup-related stress, was able to recall with near photographic memory dozens of centerfold and pinup calendars, locking on images of women with breasts exposed or naked buttocks thrust submissively into view, and every copy of *Playboy* kept in a desk drawer that she had seen over an 11-year period.

In *The New York Times*, Tamar Lewin selectively described the most offensive pictures—an image of a woman's pubic area with a spatula pressed to it, a nude female torso with the words USDA CHOICE written on it and a nude woman bending over with her buttocks and genitals exposed. Susan Tifft, writing for *Time*, mentioned the last two photos and added a "drawing of a woman's breast with her nipple as the bull's-eye." Offensive? Yes. Are they the moral equivalent of a burning cross? Only in the fevered imagination of feminist crusaders.

Most of the pinups were not sexually explicit, merely nude. They were promotional calendars from firms with names such as Whilden Valve and Gauge Repair. When asked if the shipyard had ever distributed calendars with nude men, a foreman said he would probably throw such a cal-

figureheads on boats, that the posting of such pictures was a common custom in a nautical workplace and that pinups were not intended to intimidate, embarrass or cause concern for anyone. The pinups were there long before Robinson—the images were not acts of war.

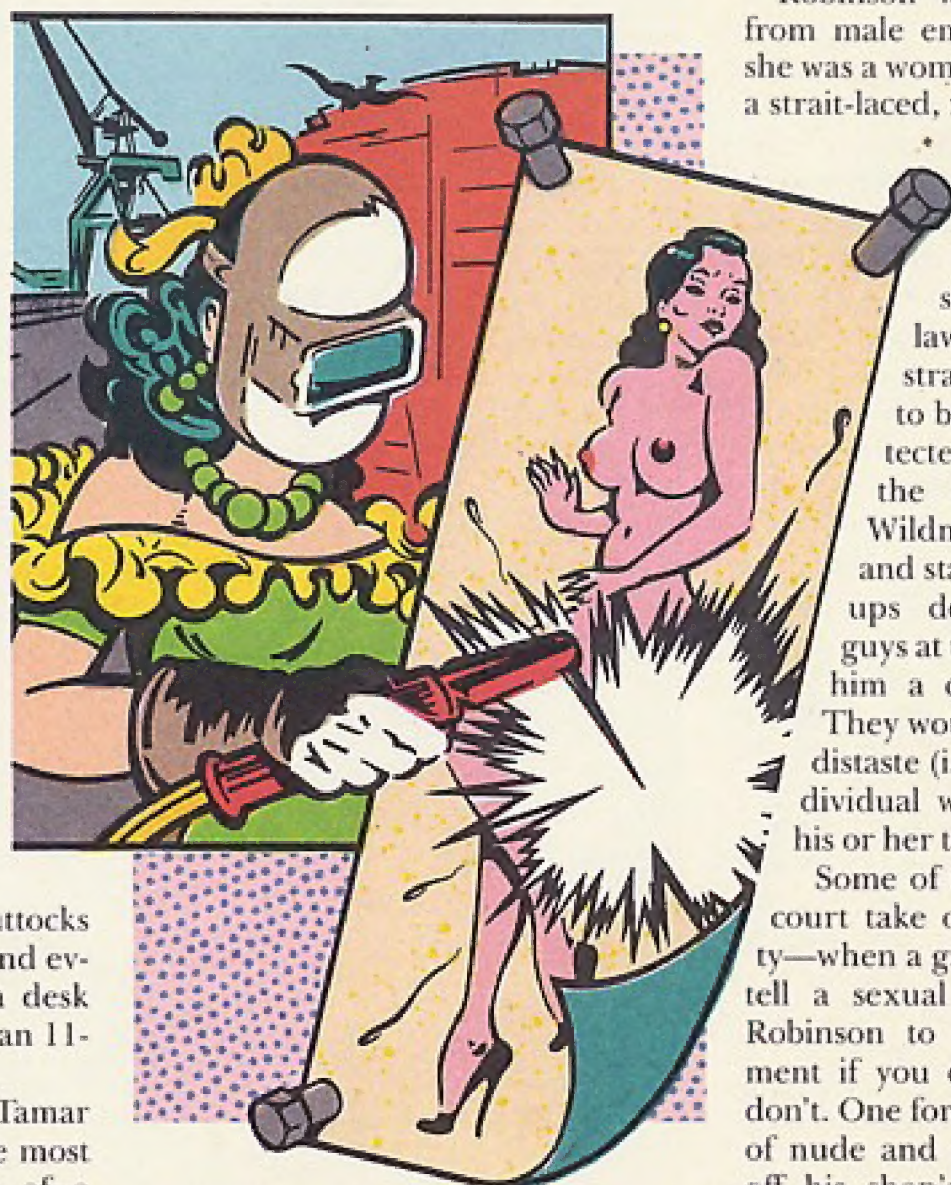
Robinson was treated differently from male employees—not because she was a woman but because she was a strait-laced, rabid, bluenose priss.

One lawyer asked to interpret the decision told *The New York Times* that the case showed that "under the law, people who are strait-laced have the right to be that way and be protected within reason." If the Reverend Donald F. Wildmon became a welder and started whining that pinups degraded women, the guys at the shipyard would call him a queer son of a bitch. They would react with a natural distaste (i.e., hostility) for the individual who wanted to impose his or her taste on the community.

Some of the incidents retold in court take on a *Catch-22* absurdity—when a group of men wanted to tell a sexual joke, they yelled to Robinson to "take cover." Harassment if you do, harassment if you don't. One foreman ordered pictures of nude and partially nude women off his shop's walls; the calendars were replaced with ones showing women in provocative swimwear. Tut-tut. More harassment.

We think the shipyard workers, in some instances, acted without couth in this debate. They were not William F. Buckley, Jr.s. Still, we think she doth protest too much, but then, we work for *Playboy*.

The decision is a slippery slope: Once you give the individual the right to set the terms of sexual hostilities, the next battle will be over



endar in the trash. One witness said it was accepted practice at the shipyards for vendors to supply calendars of nude women, but he had never known of a vendor distributing a calendar of nude men, and if one did so, he would think the "son of a bitch" was "queer."

One member of the company's management told Robinson that nautical people had always displayed pinups and other images of nude or partially nude women, such as

the definition of environment. Do women who commute to work now have the right to demand that billboards with sexually suggestive images be removed? Does someone heading past a kiosk in Grand Central Station have the right to demand that *Playboy* be hidden from view? The pinups in question expressed the robust community values of the shipyard—men personalize a cold steel environment with sexual images. Women such as Robinson sterilize. Some call this progress.

Dr. Susan Fiske, a psychologist from the University of Massachusetts and an expert in the field of stereotyping, helped convince the judge that women like Robinson need special protection simply because they are women or, more accurately, because they are pioneers in a predominantly male environment. (In 1986, there were six women employed as skilled craftworkers in the shipyard, 846 men—which meant that Robinson almost never worked with another woman.) Succinctly, Dr. Fiske said that having to think about sex interfered with a woman's ability to work. The judge summarized her theory: "When sex comes into the workplace, women are profoundly affected . . . in their job performance and in their ability to do their jobs without being bothered by it. The effects encompass emotional upset, reduced job satisfaction, the deterrence of women from seeking jobs or promotions, and an increase of women quitting jobs, getting transferred or being fired because of the sexualization of the workplace." Fiske said the effect of the sexualization of the workplace is "vanishingly small" for men.

In short, men can think of sex and weld ships at the same time. Women can't. A curmudgeon might suggest that they try thinking of sex and chewing gum at the same time.

A repressed attitude toward sex is not one of those handicaps deserving special intervention. Removing the pinups to help the Robinsons get ahead in the world strikes us as akin to McDonald's putting pictures of cheeseburgers on the cash register so that math illiterates can still ring up a purchase. Does anyone seriously think these kinds of concessions advance the quality of life?

Do women need protection from images of sex? The judge thought so. Ironically, it was this kind of patronizing attitude that inspired the feminist revolution in the first place.

So put up the blue-chintz curtains, boys. We've been neutered.

THE WAR

the supreme court considers

Quick: The attorney general's office for the state of Indiana has spent six years in court, thousands of taxpayer dollars, the service of its best lawyers and the opinions of several Reagan-appointed judges in a valiant crusade on behalf of which of the following causes?

- A. Women's rights
- B. Environmental protection
- C. Election-campaign reform
- D. Affirmative action
- E. Prohibiting people from dancing without their clothes on

The answer is E, no joke. Nude dancing—nude anything, really—has become the attorney general's obsession in recent years, and a matter of grave concern for the Quayle state. It's also a class A misdemeanor under Indiana's 1881 public-indecency statute, a law that Indiana has begun to enforce a century after its creation with impressive Puritan zeal.

In 1985, two nude-dance emporiums in South Bend—the Chippewa Bookstore and J.R.'s Kitty Kat Lounge—grew tired of the harassment and challenged the statute.

THE STATUTE

35-45-4-1 Public Indecency—Indecent Exposure:

A. A person who knowingly or intentionally, in a public place:

- 1. Engages in sexual intercourse;
- 2. Engages in deviate sexual conduct;
- 3. Appears in a state of nudity; or
- 4. Fondles the genitals of himself or another person; commits public indecency, a class A misdemeanor.

B. Nudity means the showing of the human male or female genitals, pubic area or buttocks with less than a fully opaque covering, the showing of the female breast with less than a fully opaque covering of any part of the nipple or the showing of covered male genitals in a discernibly turgid state.

C. A person who, in a place other than a public place, with the intent to be seen by persons other than invitees and occupants of that place:

- 1. Engages in sexual intercourse;
- 2. Engages in deviate sexual conduct; or
- 3. Fondles the genitals of himself or another person; where he can be seen by persons other than invitees and occupants of that place, commits indecent exposure, a class C misdemeanor.

The Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals ruled the law unconstitutional. Not to be deterred, the attorney general's office took its case all the way to the Supreme Court.

It was not the first time the Court had taken up with nude dancers. It had previously upheld nonobscene nude performance (*Hair*, for example) as protected speech, and even Indiana's attorney general conceded that the entertainment available at the Kitty Kat and the Chippewa was *not* obscene, under any legal test. Nonetheless, the current Rehnquist Court has made it clear in recent years that all previous First Amendment bets are off.

In January, the Supreme Court held an open session. The oral argument—one hour of legal combat between opposing lawyers and the nine Justices—is uniquely revealing of the Court's collective personality and subtle shifts in attitudes.

The following are excerpts from the oral argument in *Michael Barnes vs. Glen Theatre, Inc.* Appearing before the Court are Wayne E. Uhl, prosecuting attorney of St. Joseph County, Indiana, and attorney Bruce J. Ennis, Jr., a former national legal director for the American Civil Liberties Union and a leading First Amendment litigator, representing the dancers of the Chippewa Bookstore (owned by Glen Theatre) and the Kitty Kat Lounge.

O N N U D I T Y

PART TWO

the art of striptease By Jeffrey Davis

NAKED SPEECH

CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM H. REHNQUIST: We'll hear argument next in *Michael Barnes vs. Glen Theatre, Inc.*, Mr. Uhl?

WAYNE UHL: Thank you, Mr. Chief Justice, and may it please the Court: In Indiana, under Indiana code, Section 35-45-4-1, a person cannot leave his home naked and walk down the street. He cannot give a political speech in a park without—

JUSTICE BYRON R. WHITE: Without being in trouble.

UHL: That's correct. [Laughter] He would get in trouble, Your Honor, if he walked into a public place such as a bar or a bookstore without his clothes on. Once inside the bar, he could not walk naked up and down the aisles, nor could he sit down at a table without his clothes on, nor could he stand up on the bar or on a stage at the front of that public establishment without his clothes on.

JUSTICE ANTONIN SCALIA: He can evidently sing in an opera without his clothes on.

[In the 1979 case *State vs. Baysinger*, in which a group of nude dancers were prosecuted for violation of the indecency statute, the Indiana supreme court allowed vague exceptions to public nudity when it is "part of some larger form of expression meriting protection"—presumably, traditional ballet, opera, etc.]

UHL: Well, our point, Your Honor, is that the plaintiffs say that if he starts dancing when he gets up on that stage or up on that bar, then he can do anything—or anything that can be defined as dancing—then he's privileged under the First Amendment to appear naked, notwithstanding Indiana's public-indecency statute.

SCALIA: What about seeing an opera? Am I correct in my understanding of what Indiana law is? That there is an exception to the nudity law

somehow for artistic performances, is that right?

UHL: The Indiana supreme court . . . has held that the statute does not affect activity that cannot be restricted by the First Amendment. And the term that the court used in that case was "a larger form of expression." So—



SCALIA: Which includes opera but not go-go dancing?

UHL: That's correct, Your Honor.

SCALIA: Is there— Where does that come from?

UHL: Your Honor, the court looked at cases such as *Southeastern Promotions [vs. Conrad]*, where this Court implied that the production of *Hair*, for example, needed to include nudity. And I think, drawing from that line of cases, presumed that the First Amendment—

SCALIA: Is the good-taste clause of the Constitution? How does one draw

that line between *Salome* [the Richard Strauss opera featuring the Dance of the Seven Veils] and the Kitty Kat Lounge? I don't—

UHL: The line is drawn the same way the line is drawn any time conduct is involved, and that is whether or not the conduct communicates. If the conduct communicates, then the conduct is speech. If the conduct does not communicate, then the conduct is not speech.

JUSTICE ANTHONY M. KENNEDY: Communicates what? An idea?

UHL: Communicates a particularized message or an idea.

KENNEDY: What about a particularized message and an idea of sensuality?

UHL: That could be communicated. However, the plaintiffs in this case . . . did not carry their burden of proving that that was the particularized message they were sending by their dancing.

KENNEDY: Because they were not good enough dancers?

UHL: No, it didn't have anything to do with the quality of the dance, Your Honor. It had to do with—

KENNEDY: Well, could a dance communicate that?

UHL: Yes, a dance could communicate that.

KENNEDY: But this one didn't?

UHL: These dances did not.

KENNEDY: Because they were not good enough dancers?

UHL: No, Your Honor, it wasn't the quality of the dancing. Go-go dancing can be good or bad, but in neither instance is it speech.

SONG AND DANCE

During Uhl's opening remarks, Justices Scalia and Kennedy, in short order, dismantled the state's first argument: that nude and seminude go-go-style dancing somehow doesn't qualify as a "larger form of expression" worthy of First Amendment protection. Only in

final rebuttal—with considerable needling by Justice John Paul Stevens—did Uhl eventually concede that the Indiana statute must be considered a ban on all forms of public nudity, not just those that Indiana doesn't like.

KENNEDY: Suppose the dancers were clothed and suppose the state of Indiana or a police official attempted to prohibit that performance, a clothed performance; would the First Amendment protect the performer?

UHL: No, not these performances in this case.

JUSTICE JOHN PAUL STEVENS: Then you're saying it would be permissible to pass a statute prohibiting tap dancing?

UHL: Unless tap dancing were shown to be speech under the First Amendment, that's correct.

STEVENS: Under your view, it doesn't convey any particular message, so you could prohibit it.

UHL: That's correct.

JUSTICE SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR: Could the state prohibit rock music?

UHL: Your Honor, this Court found in *Ward* [*vs. Rock Against Racism, Inc.*] that rock music is speech under the First Amendment, so no, it could not. But—

[In this 1989 case, the Court upheld volume restrictions on an outdoor rock concert in New York's Central Park but acknowledged that all music is speech, entitled to First Amendment protection, regardless of the type of music.]

O'CONNOR: Well, how is it that music is protected, but dance is not?

UHL: Music is different.

O'CONNOR: Could you explain that?

UHL: Music is different from dance in that the very nature of the medium is communicative. But by the definition of dance that's been submitted by the respondents—

O'CONNOR: Do you think some of the rock music played in the *Ward* case conveyed a message?

[Laughter]

UHL: An artistic message.

O'CONNOR: An artistic message?

UHL: An artistic message. Yes, Your Honor. Whereas not all dance conveys an artistic message.

O'CONNOR: Well, I suggest not all music does, either.

UHL: That may be a case-by-case determination and this Court hasn't

addressed that except in *Ward* to say that music in general is communicative and therefore is speech under the First Amendment.

O'CONNOR: Well, dance in general might be communicative under that test, might it not?

UHL: We would resist that, Your Honor, because dance can be so broadly defined as to include, perhaps, what I'm doing here today. Dance can be any—

WHITE: Song and dance.

[Laughter]

UHL: Well, not that kind of song and dance.

[Laughter]

NO NUDES IS GOOD NUDES

The Justices moved on to the more intriguing questions in the case: whether Indiana can show a "compelling interest" in banning only certain kinds of nudity, and

the state has acknowledged its fear that nude dancing is "likely to inspire patrons to solicit sex from performers or contemplate rape or adultery."

The state has admitted it has concerns about the effect of nude dancing on attitudes toward women and has argued that it should be free to ban nude dancing, because it "encourages activities that break down family structure and advocates adultery, licentiousness, prostitution and crime."

These justifications are related to expression, because they focus on the direct impact of speech on its audience and they are concerned with listeners' reactions.

Therefore, this cannot be considered a content-neutral statute.

Before we charge our nude-dance patrons with multiple felonies, one

views a single dancer through a glass plate and closes the door behind him to do so, the Indiana courts have said that that is not a public place under the statute. However, what we have in this case in the Chippewa Bookstore is a ring of booths around a stage where a multitude of customers can watch the same dancers at the same time.

STEVENS: What's the state interest in that distinction? If you have one customer, it's OK; if you have ten, it's bad?

UHL: Well, the state's interest, Your Honor, is that the more this becomes an audience-participation kind of situation, the more the state's interest in regulating that kind of conduct increases.

REHNQUIST: Why do they call this place a bookstore?

[Laughter]

UHL: At least one of the respondents said that the only reason that she dances nude is in order to make money. And we think that in balancing the impact of the statute against the rights of these women to engage in this kind of conduct, the Court can take into account the fact that this is a speech that's done largely for a commercial purpose.

SCALIA: That's why Dickens wrote his books, too.

UHL: Well, Your Honor, it's different. Dickens wrote his books largely because he needed income, not only because he needed income, and there's a distinction to be made.

SCALIA: You're sure about that?

[Laughter]

UHL: I'm sure what Darlene Miller's [a Kitty Kat dancer] intent was, Your Honor, and that was to make money.

STEVENS: Yes, but your supreme

UHL: No, Your Honor.

TRASH DANCE VS. ART

Kennedy finally made the most striking comments about the state's attempted "end run" around the First Amendment.

KENNEDY: Are you really confident that we could make the distinction between dancing that is part of a greater form of artistic expression as opposed to dancing that is not artistic expression? Who's to do this? Are we to do it, or both—kind of a joint venture?

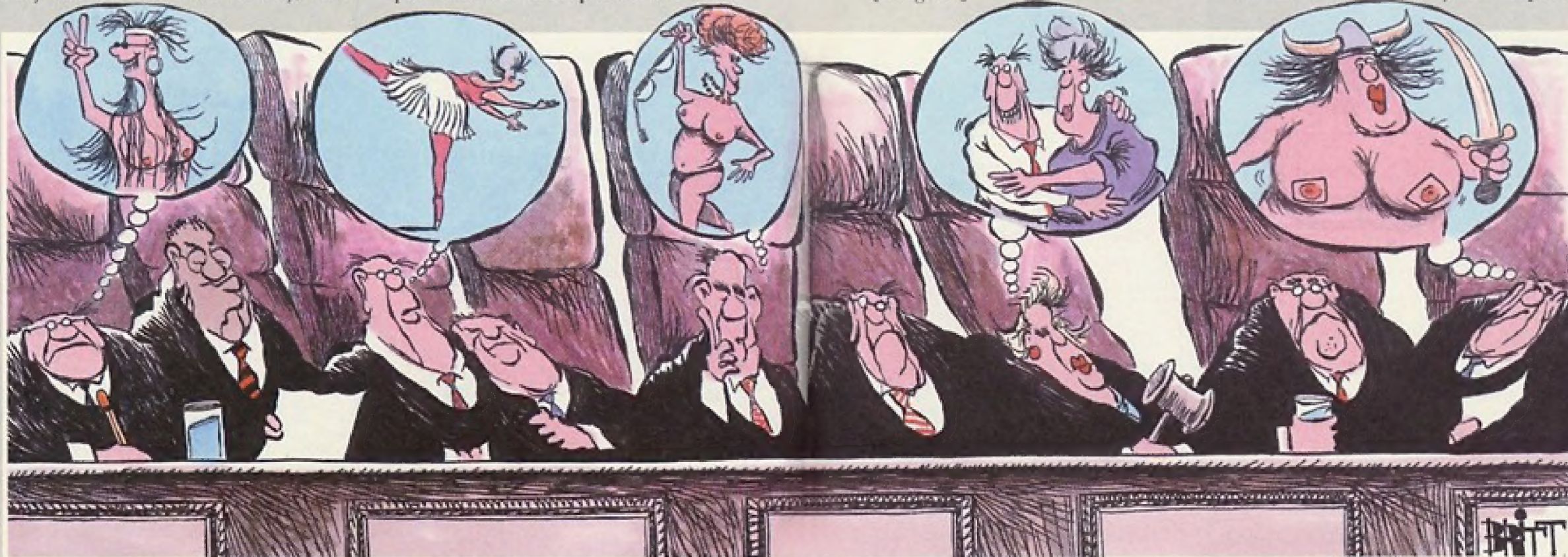
UHL: Your Honor, as in the case of obscenity, where one of the issues is the artistic value of the work, trial judges and trial juries make the distinction under—in criminal prosecutions under this statute, just as in an obscenity case—

KENNEDY: But we have no settled jurisprudence. We would be really striking out in a very new direction, would we not?

UHL: Well, Your Honor, ever since *Miller vs. California*, juries have been determining whether works that are charged to be obscene have artistic value. So we believe that it's simply application of the same kind of test in this context.

ENNIS: The artistic-merit test in *Miller* comes in to save and give protection to speech that is otherwise unprotected. Here, the state, as Justice Kennedy's question suggests, would be striking out on very new ground, indeed. Here, the state would be saying that speech is protected to begin with only if it has artistic merit. As this Court has said . . . what to one man is trash may to others have fleeting or even enduring values and it is not the business of the state to determine which is trash and which is valuable. The First Amendment leaves that judgment to the individual.

It's a fair bet that the Warren and Burger Courts would have let *Barnes* pass unreviewed. The Supreme Court reverses more than 50 percent of the lower-court cases it chooses to hear. Will the Rehnquist Court decide to let Indiana "pass go" on the First Amendment and collect "public decency" or let states move right past obscenity into prohibiting conduct that they simply don't like?



DIME-A-DANCE CAPITALISM

Next on Uhl's list of evils was commercial enterprise. In elucidating his concerns about the profit motive behind the dancing at the Kitty Kat, Uhl concluded, in effect, that because the Kitty Kat dancers weren't dancing for charity, for the NEA or for the simple joys of dance itself, their performances failed a "balancing test" under which it could regulate their conduct. Fortunately, Scalia and Stevens didn't buy that argument.

court distinguishes between the opera singer and this dancer and I suppose the opera singer wants to make money, too.

UHL: That's true, although, again, the opera singer is in the position where that's not the only thing that she wants to do, but that the money is an important part of it. So we can't distinguish this just on the fact that she's making money.

STEVENS: And did all three of [the dancers involved in this case] say that was their only motive?

whether the application of its statute might be consistent with the First Amendment. The state's most compelling interests, as Bruce Ennis pointed out to the Court, might not be nudity at all.

SCALIA: It [the issue] is nude dancing. It's not dancing. It's nudity, period.

BRUCE ENNIS: Justice Scalia, the Court's opinion . . . says the state must justify the application of an otherwise content-neutral statute to expressive activity for reasons unrelated to expression. In this case . . .

might question how a performance at the Chippewa Bookstore could achieve such a calamitous effect on viewers. The state of Indiana apparently believes that "audience participation" plays a key role, despite the fact that viewers watch the show—behind glass—from an enclosed booth.

UHL: The Indiana courts have carefully defined the term public place. For example, a situation where a single viewer goes into a booth and

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LOVE CONNECTION

FORT WORTH, TEXAS—Charitable members of the little Water of Life Pentecostal Church reached out to help a homeless family of four, letting them live in the Sun-



day-school room. Six weeks later, the grateful family left for Oklahoma, leaving behind no forwarding address and a telephone bill for \$3300 in phone calls to 900-number sex and dating services. "They did the right thing for the wrong people," said a spokesman for the phone company, which still wants to be paid.

SURVEY SEZ....

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The national rape rate of .6 per 1000 remained steady from 1973 to 1987, but attempted rapes declined 54 percent during that same period, from 1.3 to .7 per 1000. The data from the Bureau of Justice Statistics are based on household surveys rather than on reported crimes, and criminologists aren't sure whether the fewer attempted rapes are a reporting error or—since 48 percent of attackers are known to their victims—more men are taking no for an answer.

YOUNG REPUBLICANS

A Gallup Poll commissioned by the Fuji company finds America's "young adults" leaning right. Among the findings in its survey of males and females 16 to 24:

- 64 percent believe prerecorded music

should carry warning labels.

- More than 75 percent favor random drug testing.

- Three out of five cite drugs as the biggest problem facing today's youth.

- About 77 percent favor the death penalty.

- Almost half consider themselves politically conservative, while 39 percent say they are liberal.

- 78 percent oppose the legalization of marijuana.

The survey's truly amazing finding, that the average youth spends three hours a week doing volunteer work, seems to indicate a higher than ever level of social commitment—or a tendency to lie to pollsters.

ABORTION BATTLES

The fetus people have lost two rounds and are about to enter the third:

Maryland governor William Donald Schaefer has signed a bill that will protect a woman's right to abortion even if the U.S. Supreme Court should reverse its own 1973 decision that legalized abortion. The legislative action makes the key elements of "Roe vs. Wade" a matter of statutory law rather than of legal precedent, which is subject to judicial revision.

In Michigan, a state appeals court struck down a voter-approved ban on state-paid abortions, holding that such a ban effectively denies poor women rights guaranteed under the state constitution.

The U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to decide whether or not judges may invoke an 1871 civil rights law, originally aimed at the Ku Klux Klan, to prevent anti-abortionists from blocking access to abortion clinics. The law says that no group may "conspire or go in disguise" to deprive "any person or class of persons of the equal protection of the laws" and enables the winner of a lawsuit to make the loser pay all legal costs.

WHO WAS THAT LADY?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Several publishers, artists' groups and the American Library Association have joined in a lawsuit challenging one of the most bizarre laws yet conceived by Justice Department porno fighters. Intended to combat child pornography, the new Federal law requires producers of works in which people are engaging in "sexual conduct" to keep

records of names, addresses and ages of those actors, regardless of their age or the age of the material, and to maintain records for inspection. An official of the A.L.A. said the statute "creates so many burdensome restrictions that it will halt the production and distribution of mainstream books, magazines, motion pictures, photographs and medical texts."

CHEAP THRILLS

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN—Authorities are wondering who stole an electro-ejaculator—and why. The Large Animal Veterinary Clinic of Michigan State University has reported the theft of the \$1200 device, which electrically collects semen for artificial insemination.

COME ONE, COME ALL

NEW DELHI—The first international conference on orgasm attracted some 500 sexologists from all over the world, many from the United States. Participants considered such questions as "The G spot, orgasm and the female ejaculation; are they related?" and "Male multiple orgasm—does it exist?" Prakash Kothari, an Indian sex therapist promoting the event, said he



was "not just organizing a conference on orgasm. It's also a celebration of orgasm." Asked why it should be celebrated now, Johns Hopkins professor John Money explained, "Because this is the moment that the clock has hit the orgasm time."

after saddam was
vanquished, the kuwaitis discovered
who really won the war

No, Mein Kuwait

THE DAY the ground war was launched against Iraq, I hooked up with the Kuwaiti army to witness the initial thrust to reclaim its homeland. I figured the Kuwaitis would be the first to strike, then enter and liberate, the prize of the war, Kuwait City. They would be accompanied by an overwhelming Allied force, of course, but the political realities at the front held that the honor of spearheading the assault would rightly belong to an Arab army, presumably the Kuwaitis.

There was an important historical precedent to back up this speculation. In World War Two, the Allies permitted Charles de Gaulle's Free French forces to enter Paris and triumphantly reclaim the country from the occupying Germans. De Gaulle's troops in that war, like Kuwait's in this one, actually played a minor role in the liberation of their country. But from the moment the French troops marched down the Champs Élysées, France was indisputably French again. The symbolism became the reality of the postwar world.

I got my first hint of the new reality in the Middle East in the military liaison office of the Kuwaiti embassy, which

In our January issue, we went behind the scenes to describe Saddam Hussein's politics of fear and aggression. This month, we present an updated view of the Arab world.

article By **MORGAN STRONG**

ILLUSTRATION BY AMY CREHORE



was based in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Although the Kuwaitis were enthusiastic about having me write about their part in the war, it was clear that they could authorize nothing without Saudi acquiescence. In the end, it was the Saudi commander in chief, Prince General Khalid bin Sultan, who granted me permission to accompany the Kuwaiti army. "It would be good for the Kuwaiti morale," he said grandly, and arrangements were quickly made.

The morning the ground war began, the two Kuwaiti brigades—the Shaheed (Martyrs) armored brigade and the Tahrir (Liberation) infantry brigade—crossed the 15-foot sand pile, or berm, at the Saudi border. Within a mile or two, we came across the first line of what had once been Iraqi defenses. The mine fields were all clearly marked, and the vaunted flaming trenches were, in fact, little more than smoldering ditches. The Iraqis had simply left their trucks, weapons, clothing, ammunition, personal possessions, food, everything they possessed. They had surrendered or fled. There were no spent cartridges or other signs of resistance. There were no dead. There was no rattle of gunfire. The desert was filled only with the roar of Allied vehicles heading north.

We arrived at the infantry-brigade commander's camp an hour after crossing the border. At that point, we were well in advance of the main body of Saudis, and the armored brigade of the Kuwaiti army was well in advance of the infantry. All had been ordered to hold in place. This was the pattern while I was with the Kuwaitis: Each time their forces advanced beyond what the Saudis found tolerable, they were ordered to halt.

On our first night out in the desert, I was told that Kuwait City was only 70 kilometers to the northeast. The Kuwaitis were jubilant: They would be there the next day! But that night, as we held our position, there was constant traffic heading northeast. Convoys of Saudi military vehicles and men streamed past us toward Kuwait City.

We weren't going anywhere, so I went over to have a chat with some U.S. Special Forces troops, who'd just returned from a reconnaissance patrol and were camped next to the Kuwaitis. The commanding officer was a pleasant man in his early 40s. He was built like a long-distance runner and spoke with a Boston-Irish accent. He seemed relaxed and easygoing, and so did his troops. Ignoring the ban on press access, he offered me some C-ration coffee, and we talked for several hours about the war and the Special Forces' role with the Kuwaitis.

He said that the Special Forces units had been with the six Kuwaiti brigades (only two were at the front) for the past half year, about 10 Americans per brigade. Their mission was to mold the Kuwaitis into a fighting force. But their success was "limited," in the words of another Special Forces man who joined the conversation. The Kuwaitis just weren't made of fighting stuff.

It was hard to argue. Although they had spent billions of dollars on top-of-the-line British, French and American military equipment, the Kuwaiti army and air force, along with the emir and his entire government, had fled Kuwait just ahead of the Iraqi invasion. They're a gentle, polite people—but they make better warriors in board rooms than on battlefields. Only a third of the native-born population remained inside Kuwait after the invasion. Many of those who fled ended up in the five-star hotels of Saudi Arabia, Bahrain and assorted European capitals. The biggest wartime concern shared by most of these Kuwaiti refugees was whether or not the hotel buffets could offer a sufficient variety of foods to stave off boredom.

It was during this conversation that the officer let it drop that he didn't think the Kuwaiti army was going to enter Kuwait City for a while. I asked him why. Well, he said tersely, the Saudis are in command here.

Living in the desert with members of both the Kuwaiti brigade and the Special Forces, I came to share their separate anxieties as we made our advance—uncontested by anyone but the Saudi army—toward Kuwait City. Like the military men around me, I desperately wanted to get there. When it became apparent that we might be denied that goal, I convinced the Special Forces commander that we should make an early-morning reconnaissance patrol. It was the perfect subterfuge: a tactically sound move in support of what we all wanted to do anyway. The Kuwaiti colonel agreed and we left at dawn the next morning.

The colonel and the Special Forces major took off in the command car and I followed with a driver and another Kuwaiti soldier in a Toyota pickup mounted with a .50-caliber machine gun. We stopped first at what had been an Iraqi battalion headquarters, or so it appeared by the number of armor, trucks and personnel carriers. They had simply been abandoned.

The Iraqi fortifications were, to put it mildly, not what I expected. The entire redoubt consisted of about 20 large ditches with corrugated-tin roofs over them. Single rows of sandbags lined the sides, and most ditches were crum-

bling—not from bombing, since there was no evidence whatever of that, but from caving in the way a hole on the beach might collapse. I saw no evidence of air strikes in the vicinity. Not one of the 20 or so vehicles inside the perimeter had been damaged. If this were a used-tank lot, most of those babies would fetch a good price—used in only one war and not a scratch on 'em!

For half a year, our Special Forces were virtually bumping into one another behind the lines out there in the desert. Didn't anybody tell the boys in Riyadh, fully six months before the ground war, that the Iraqi preparations weren't as awe-inspiring as the Allies had thought? Did the American military keep the specter of terrifying Iraqi ground forces alive, despite what they might have heard from the field, because it suited their purposes?

It's a tempting thought. At the start of our troop commitment, questions were raised about our goals in the Middle East. Against the static of debate, there arose a simple, dramatic theme: the potency of the Iraqi defenses—the mine fields, the poison gas, the concrete bunkers, the burning walls of oil. Next came the discussion of how our soldiers would overcome the challenges before them. The entire adventure metamorphosed into a test of the nation's character, a challenge to America's will to do the seemingly impossible.

In reality, it was something less than that. After six weeks of a pin-point bombing campaign that was unprecedented in military history, there would be no reinforced bunkers, no walls of flame; indeed, no Iraqis to fight. Had we known their true disposition in advance, the debate—and the conflict itself—might have been resolved differently and more quickly.

Even now, the American military has declined to estimate the number of casualties sustained by Iraq in the bombing. If most of the defenses were as rudimentary as the ones I saw, the casualties must have been monstrous; indeed, the most recent unofficial estimates cite 150,000 Iraqi deaths, with untold thousands of injuries. If the American military acknowledged enormous Iraqi casualties as the action went on, would we, as a nation, have permitted the carnage to continue?

Our recon patrol was nearly in Kuwait City when we paused next to the main highway into the capital. The Kuwaiti commander said proudly that we would enter the city that day. We'd be the first ones in, as we had hoped.

His optimism was soon dashed. On the highway next to us, a huge Saudi convoy slowly formed. Eventually, it

(continued on page 170)

"Like the Kuwaitis, the Special Forces were dispensable bit players in the liberation of Kuwait."

extended back for miles. Large green flags with the Saudi sword and Arabic inscription flew from every tank and truck. There were small Kuwaiti flags beneath them. We had orders not to advance, so we stood by and watched as the Saudi convoy headed for the city.

Although the Special Forces commander had already received word of the command, he still showed his disappointment. Some of his men had tried to enter the city and were turned back. He was told that when Saudis finally allowed the Kuwaiti forces to enter the city, the Americans were not to accompany them. In fact, they were not even to be seen with them in the city. Their job was over. They weren't with the Kuwaitis now and never had been. Like the Kuwaitis, the Special Forces were dispensable bit players in the drama of the liberation of Kuwait.

"We're only an army within an army in another country; we take their orders," the Kuwaiti commander told me. "I'll send you in alone if you wish. You'll be in Kuwait City before me."

I got a truck and a driver and we made for Kuwait City. As we approached the expressway to the city, we passed Egyptian troops stopped by the side of the road. We also came across American Marines digging in around the outskirts of the city. All were waiting for the Saudis to lead the liberation.

In retrospect, the Saudi march appeared inevitable. By sweeping past the rest of the Allied troops, the Saudis were gaining ground not only on their Kuwaiti neighbors but on the Iraqis and on their own history as a silent partner in the Middle East. By carrying off a lead role in the Gulf war, Saudi Arabia would become the dominant force in the Middle East.

If the war does produce a new world order, as President Bush has promised, then that new order is predicated on the alliance of two vastly dissimilar countries, Saudi Arabia and the United States. It is an unlikely partnership.

Saudi Arabia remains a feudal society devoid of basic human rights. There is no freedom of speech: The penalty for

criticism of Islam is death. Nor is there even the most primitive form of representative government. The country is ruled entirely by members of one family. Nepotism and corruption within the government are endemic.

The U.S. can overlook this, of course, because Saudi Arabia is about oil, the elemental substance of the world economy. Whoever controls the majority of the world's oil supply controls its price as well and, therefore, the primary cost of doing business. Together, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait possess about 35 percent of the world's supply of oil. With the control of both sources, Saudi Arabia would instantly emerge as an economic superpower. The United States and the Saudis are fashioning a new economic and political order in the Middle East, and with it, a new international order has been born.

If all goes according to plan, the U.S. economy, badly battered by competition from Japan and Germany, will no longer be at the mercy of unpredictable market forces. With control of an oil supply on which Germany and Japan depend, the United States can, from a discreet distance, manage its rivals' principal cost of doing business. Facing that kind of American leverage, the Germans and the Japanese may become a little more eager to resolve the thorny issues of trade imbalance. If they don't, America

will be in a position to see that its citizens have to take out mortgages if they want to buy Hondas or Mercedeses.

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When I finally arrived in Kuwait City, it was absolutely chaotic. There were no organized troops. Armed Kuwaiti resistance fighters, dressed in odd bits and pieces of military uniforms, manned check points around the city. I was, it seemed, the first American the Kuwaitis had seen, and I was overwhelmed by their display of gratitude. Many of them literally kissed my hand. Some shouted, "Israel, yes; Arafat, no!" while others were so overjoyed that they fired their weapons into the air, leading to a rash of deaths from falling bullets.

We made our way through the streets to the Kuwait International Hotel, located on the beach front. It had been trashed and looted by the Iraqis. There was no water, no electricity, no food. I took a room, then headed for the beach to check on yet another set of fortifications. There were no reinforced bunkers, no oil-filled ditches—just mines neatly fenced off and marked.

By the time I returned, the hotel was filling up with the media royalty. Dan Rather showed up, Tom Brokaw was there and I found Sam Donaldson wandering around the garage, looking lost. Ted Koppel was said to be on his way. When the network stars decamp from

the plush hotels to the front, it's a sure sign that the shooting war is over. The ratings war was about to escalate.

A new PR firm—the Rendon Group, out of Washington—had taken over the management of Kuwait's world image. They distributed pictures of the emir and the crown prince to the anxious Kuwaiti citizenry who had been forced to do without for many months.

No official of the Kuwaiti government arrived in the city for several days. But the Saudi commander in chief, Prince Khalid bin Sultan, was available for a photo opportunity, posing triumphantly with his troops, who now commanded the city. He toured as a conquering hero, and the Kuwaitis went delirious with joy as he passed by in his Mercedes. Not until later that week did the Kuwaiti crown prince arrive, while the emir remained in Saudi Arabia for an extra two weeks.

As the Kuwaitis straggled back home, the Saudis occupied Kuwait City and manned check points. They also built a huge tent city on the road to Kuwait to house returning Kuwaitis. In other words, no citizens of Kuwait would be allowed into their own country without first passing Saudi inspection. Not even emergency supplies were being allowed past the border without intense Saudi scrutiny. The Saudis intend to maintain a permanent military presence in Kuwait to protect their brethren; it may be as-

sumed that it will not countenance anything but a rigidly Islamic country.

The United States is adamant that the Sabah family return to the Kuwaiti throne. But that family now owes its allegiance to the Saudis. If democratic reform is not in the interest of Saudi Arabia or the Sabahs—and both care about stability above all else—it may not be in the interest of the U.S., either.

•

On my last night in the desert outside Kuwait City, I was speaking with another Special Forces officer. We were huddled against the side of a tank, which shielded us from the wind and rain. We drank C-ration coffee and tried to figure out what had really happened in Kuwait. He mentioned that he had been in Panama for the U.S. invasion. "That's it," I said. "This was Big Panama."

He thought for a moment and finally said with resignation, "Yeah, I guess it really was—Big Panama."

Not much changed in Panama after the U.S. invasion. Some say things got worse. There is still corruption, drug running, gun smuggling and money laundering—all the crimes that existed during Noriega's reign. We liberated Panama, but we didn't change a thing.

We may have liberated Kuwait, but we haven't made it free.





LOST IN THE tumult of events that make up world affairs, most of us have been downright insensitive about humble Bulgaria and everything it has done for us. Like what? you ask. Well, it's not as if we can look on the back of a VCR and see *MADE IN BULGARIA* or watch nimble Bulgarian gymnasts capture our hearts at the Olympics. It turns out there's a good reason we haven't been grateful to the Bulgarians. While they seem to have plenty of time to churn out machine parts and tobacco for their main ally, the Soviet Union, they have given us nothing, *nada*, the big goose egg. Until now. With the Communist Party out of power in Bulgaria, the paterfamilias, Mikhail Gorbachev, hanging by a thread and the success of Desert Storm showing the world who's top dog, the Bulgarians apparently want to make amends. And they're doing it in the best way possible: by sending us one of their leading rock stars. This isn't the first time Sonia Vassileva has been sent abroad to make her countrymen look good—she was also the very first Miss Bulgaria to carry the flag to the Miss World contest. (It was in 1988 and Miss Iceland won, but there were, no doubt, politics involved.) Already a star in her native country, Sonia has been angling to get out of Bulgaria for years. "I want to be famous not only in Bulgaria," she says in surprisingly good English. "I want to be famous all over the world." But at first, getting out was not easy—in the pre-*glasnost* days, there was no such thing as a Bulgarian passport; the government simply assumed you weren't going anywhere and you obliged. Sonia made the best of the situation by performing with a top Bulgarian duo, the Pop Top Twins, and entering beauty contests. She entered 16 contests and won all 16. One of them named her Miss Bulgaria and allowed her a trip to Great Britain, which opened her eyes

BALKAN BEAUTY

Bulgaria doesn't export much to the U.S., but when it does. . . .

to all sorts of possibilities not available at home. "It's so difficult in Bulgaria," she says. "My family and my friends, they don't have food, they don't have clothes. Things are changing now, and the road they take is probably a good road, but it's going to take them a long time. I'm twenty-two years old and I don't want to see what they're going through. I really miss my parents and friends, but once you're outside, you don't want to go back." Being Miss Bulgaria enabled Sonia to wangle permission to go to Norway. There she received career and diplomatic advice from Paul Stanley, of (text concluded on page 148)

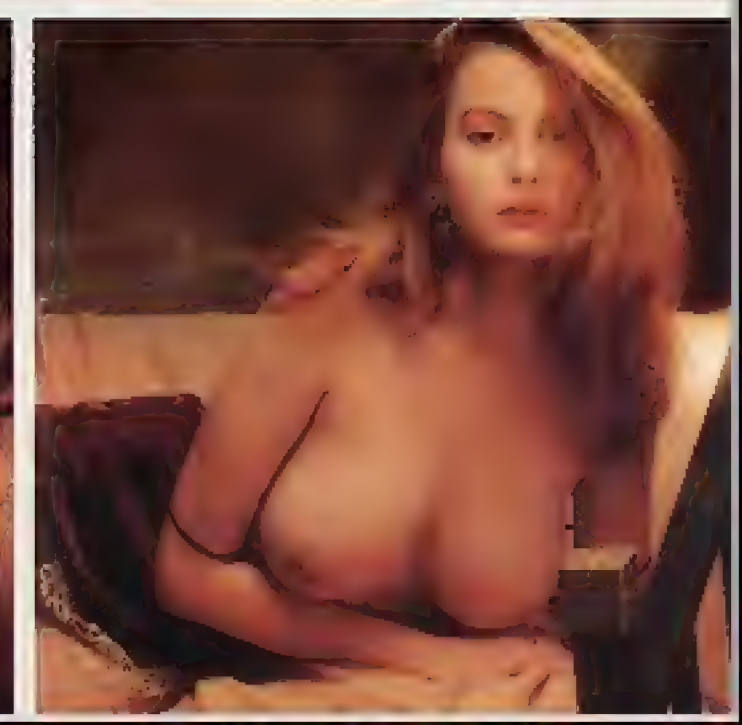
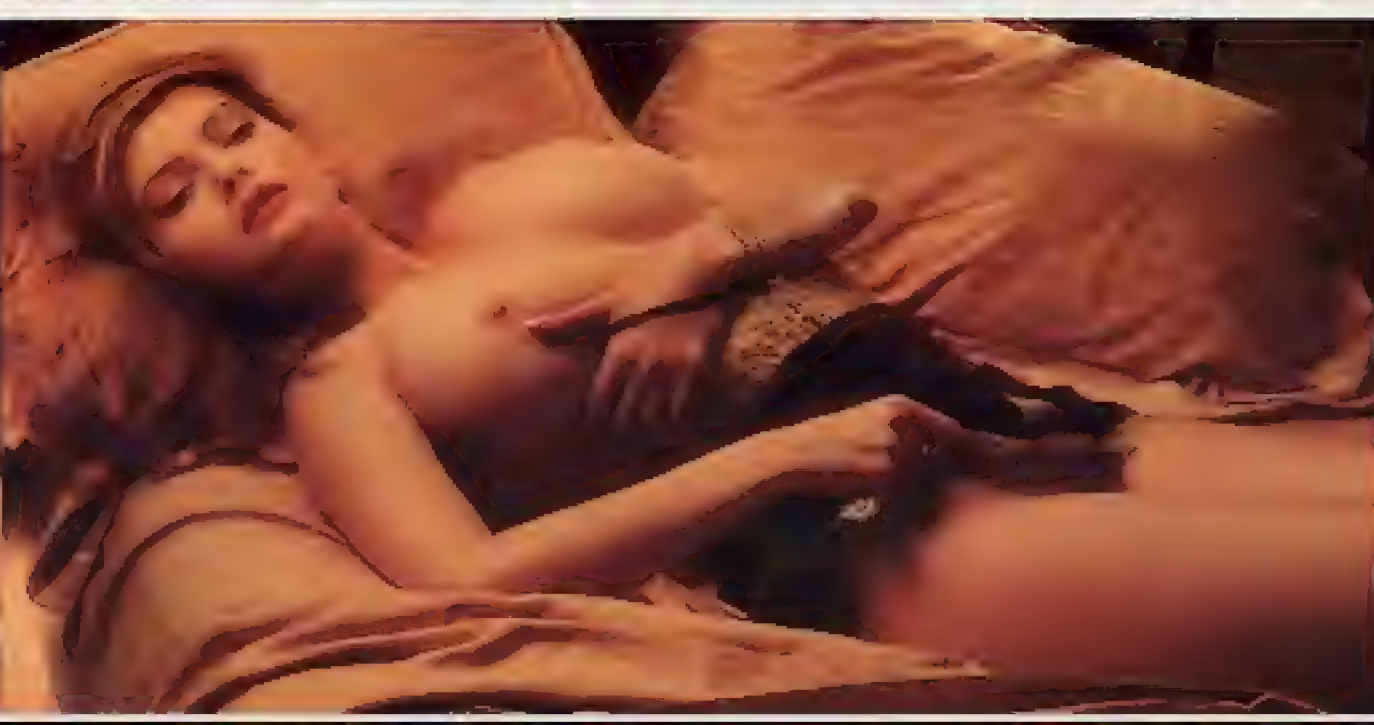
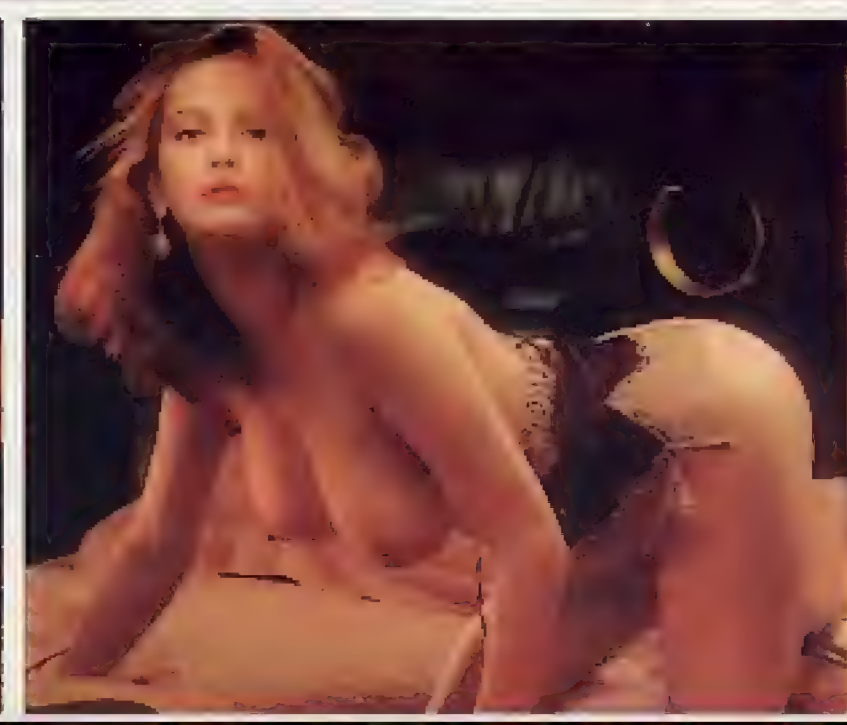
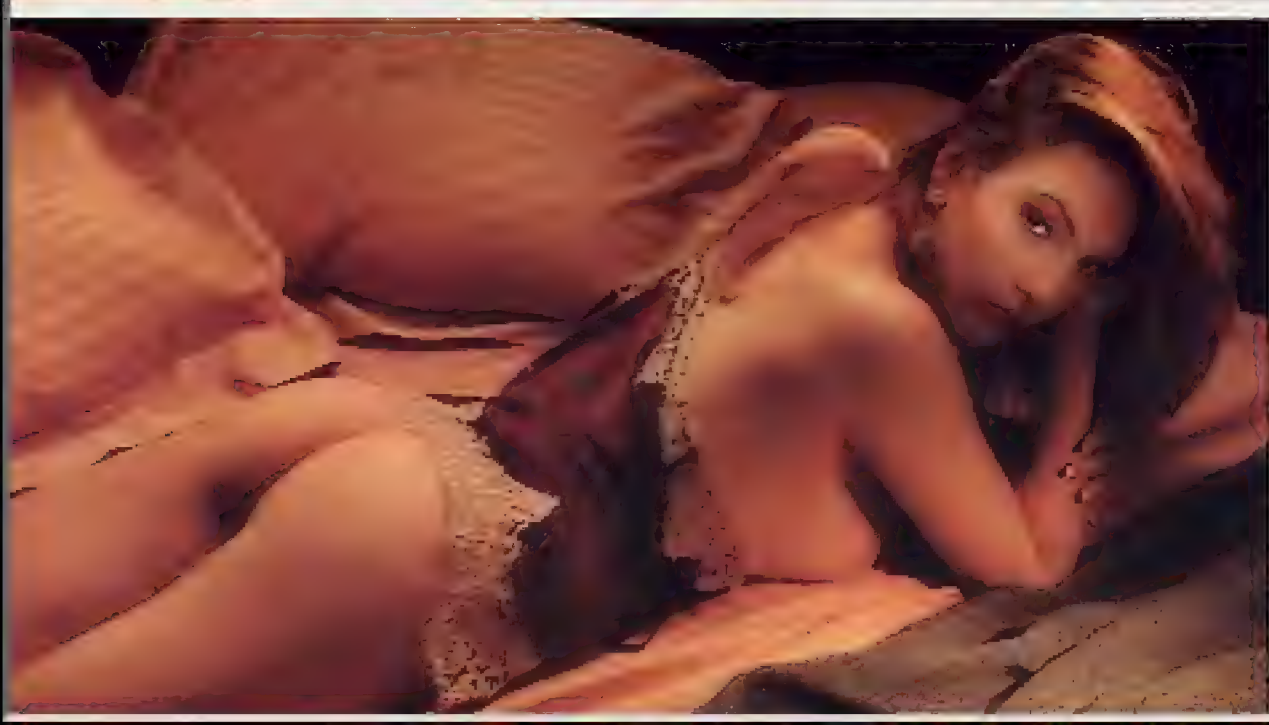
As the first Miss Bulgaria ever to compete in the Miss World pageant, Sonia made minor history in London in 1988. The British press loved her rock-and-roll persona and her tendency to dress in punk gear. Other Eastern-bloc countries followed suit: Even the U.S.S.R. had its own beauty pageant in 1989.







Had Sonia not insisted on a music career, she might very well have ended up competing in the Olympics. "I went to a training school for gymnasts for three years," says Miss Bulgaria. "But when you are thirteen years old, before you go to the Olympics, the government makes you sign a contract. You train and your life is very hard. They use drugs, they cut my hair—I didn't want it. But I was interested in show business. I wanted to be a star."





"I don't want to depend on a man," says Sonia. "I want to live my own life. If you're in show business and you want to make it big, you must go through it on your own." In the few months she has been in the U.S., Sonia has been too dedicated to her career to date. In fact, her only knowledge of American men comes from those she met abroad—and she was not impressed. "Maybe I met the wrong American men," she says. "But I think they're scared of women."



BALKAN BEAUTY

(continued from page 74)

the rock group Kiss. Stanley, always one to give refugees advice, particularly those who win beauty contests, was the first star from the West Sonia had ever met. "I like him. He's really nice," she says. "He said, 'You must go for it.' I didn't speak English very good at the time, but he had the patience to talk to me. He told me I must go to a country where everybody speaks English. So I went to England."

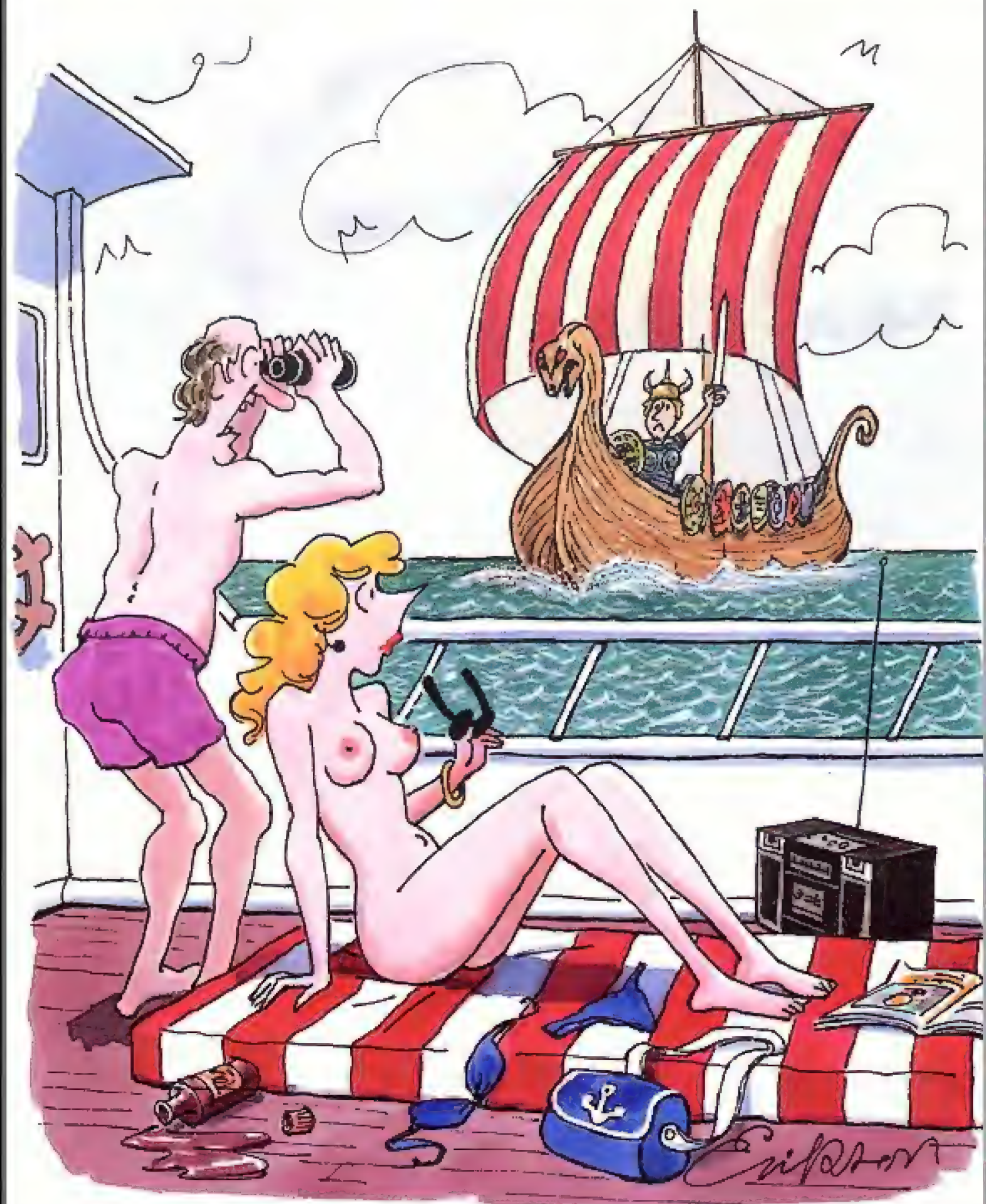
London was not as hospitable as Paul Stanley. In fact, after a year, and a messy little problem involving using a friend's passport, she was deported back to Bulgaria. "It was not a good time for me," she recalls. "But I could not give up." She started touring in Bulgaria again and aimed her sights at what she hoped would be a friendlier English-speaking nation: the United States. "When I walked into the American embassy in Bulgaria for the first time and tried to ask them for a visa, the consul just looked at me—at the way I was dressed—and said, 'No, I'm not going to give you a visa.' It was because I looked good. He thought since I was single and looking good, I'd want to go to America and not come back. All those years I wanted to come to America, but I

couldn't. This is the place for me. This is where dreams can come true."

Shortsighted American consuls notwithstanding, Sonia stuck to her dream, making her way to Singapore, where she not only entertained but became a successful club and concert promoter. She arrived in the United States at the beginning of the year and now lives in Los Angeles, where she's currently modeling, talking to record producers and trying to relaunch her career, American style. "I really like rock music and what I listen to at home is only rock music: Whitesnake, Bon Jovi, Guns n' Roses. I'm never going to do this kind of music," she complains. "It is difficult for a female who looks like me to sell rock records." But Sonia is determined. "It took me three years to come to America," she points out. "It doesn't matter how long it's going to take me." So far, things are looking good—her modeling career is doing well and she has signed up to take singing lessons with the man who taught Michael Jackson, Madonna and Paula Abdul. "This class is good for me. I don't think I speak English very good," she says modestly. "But when I start singing, you can't really tell that much. If I release a record, everybody will know it's me, because it's kind of a different sound."



"They're Secret Service. They appeared the day Billy decided he wanted to be President when he grew up."



"Batten down the hatches, man the lifeboats—it's Ingrid!"



"If the stars could talk, what would they say to you, Vince?"







PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

wendy kaye,
the perfect patriot, is our
salute to independence day

MISS LIBERTY

"I AM SO PROUD to be an American," says star-spangled blonde Wendy Kaye. And why not? The daughter of a U.S. Navy flier, the very first girl born at a spanking-new naval hospital in Memphis 19 years ago, Wendy celebrated her first Independence Day when she was 30 days old. It's still her favorite holiday. How star-spangled is she? Many patriots love the Fourth of July; Miss July takes her love of the red, white and blue a giant step further. "I do something special on the fourth of every month." She and her boyfriend celebrate their first date, the anniversary of their interdependence, on Independence Day. Wendy, who spent much of last winter in front of the TV in her apartment in Santa Barbara, California, chewed her glistening fingernails as she worried over news reports from the Persian Gulf. When victory came, she shot out of her chair like a Roman candle. "I do want to travel, to see how other cultures live," she says, "but one thing about me is never going to change. First and foremost, I'll always be an *American*." This month, we're proud to fulfill an all-American girl's dream by making Wendy Kaye Miss July 1991. "July. That's perfect. I love it," she says. If you're in Santa Barbara, watch for a car with streamers and sparklers. That'll be Wendy.

"I like simple pleasures," says Wendy, an all-American California girl who makes the locals sit up and take notice (right and above) at Santa Barbara's Palm Park. She also enjoys looking "wild" (left).





After outgrowing her shyness at Santa Barbara High School, our patriotic Playmate became a favorite at East Beach. Wendy's senior class voted her "Most Likely to Have a Secret Admirer" and, in anticipation of the photo at right, "Best Rear View."





Fittingly, Wendy spent her high school days being compared to an American icon. "I wasn't too wild," she says with a laugh. "Everyone called my boyfriend and me Ken and Barbie." Wendy was Wonder bread, apple pie, burgers and fries on the Fourth of July. "It was kinda fun," she says of being mistaken for a shy, incredibly nice schoolgirl. Now that she's Miss July, eyes in Santa Barbara are opening wide.

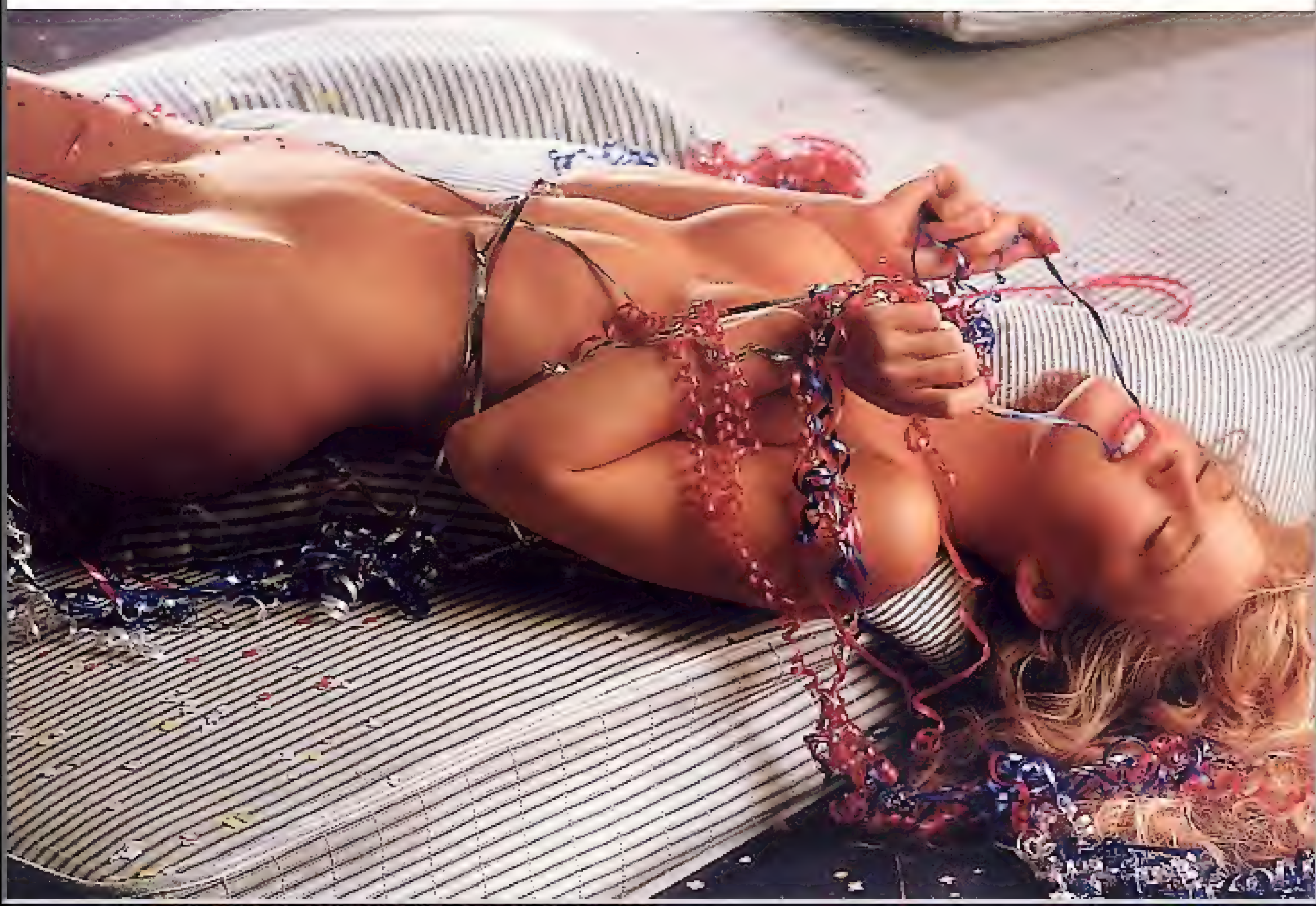


Young Santa Barbarans are territorial. Everyone who's anyone hits the beach all summer, but if you're an underclasswoman at Santa Barbara High School, as Wendy was in 1987-1988, you stick to Hendry's Beach with the frosh and sophomores. That's why no one took note of Wendy Kaye for the longest time. "I was the shy girl at school," and shy sophomores don't dare set foot on East Beach, where the upper classes strut their stuff. "That's where the action was." Finally, two years ago, a shy girl stunned East Beach. A newly minted junior, Wendy took a deep breath and waded into the action. She appeared as if from nowhere, coming out of the Pacific in a fluorescent thong bikini. Santa Barbara High had a brand-new celeb. It wasn't long until a few of her new fans, paging through a copy of *Playboy* (the September 1989 issue, for you history buffs), said, "You could do this." Initially shocked, Wendy soon realized she was being flattered. Two summers later, here she is, proof of the high standards set at East Beach. "A lightning bolt came down," says Wendy, snapping her fingers, "and God said, 'Do something different with your life, something you'll enjoy.' This is it!"



Wendy was five years old when a friend asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Without hesitation, she said, "A superstar." Fourteen years later, she is the pride of S.B.H.S. and our Playmate of the Month. "And I'm thrilled. The rest of my life, I want to stay as happy as I am right now," she says. But don't bet that this is the last you'll see of her. One morning, you'll open the newspaper and see an ad for a movie starring Wendy Kaye—ideally, a remake of *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Wendy Koff

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Wendy Kaye

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 5.5.72 BIRTHPLACE: Memphis, Tennessee

AMBITIONS: To become an accomplished film or television actress.

TURN-ONS: Good movies, good music, the beach, romance, friendly & humorous people!

TURN-OFFS: People who are selfish, rude or deceitful. Drug & alcohol abusers.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Ghost, Pretty Woman, Parenthood, Tequila Sunrise, Trading Places.

FAVORITE ACTORS: Eddie Murphy! Julia Roberts, Tom Cruise, Michelle Pfeiffer, Kurt Russell.

MY MORAL PHILOSOPHY: Commit yourself to truth, beauty and goodness. Be true to your values. If it doesn't feel right, don't do it!!

SPECIAL THANKS TO: President Bush & the troops of Desert Storm, my parents and God.



Excited to go to Mexico!!



My boyfriend & I. Prom 1990.



my parents & I on graduation day.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On a shopping trip to the city, a backwoods farmer bought a 24-piece jigsaw puzzle. He worked on it every night for two weeks. Finally, the puzzle was finished.

"Look what I've done, Jess," he said proudly to a visiting neighbor.

"That's surely somethin', Willard. How long it take you?"

"Only two weeks."

"Never done a puzzle myself," Jess said. "Is two weeks fast?"

"Darn tootin'," Willard said. "Look at the box. It says, 'From two to four years.'"

After a truck carrying copies of *Roget's Thesaurus* overturned on a country road, the local newspaper reported that onlookers were "stunned, overwhelmed, astonished, bewildered and dumfounded."



Staking out a notoriously rowdy bar for possible D.U.I. violators, a cop watched from his squad car as a fellow stumbled out the door, tripped on the curb and tried 45 cars before opening the door to his own and falling asleep on the front seat.

One by one, the drivers of the other cars drove off. Finally, the sleeper woke up, started his car and began to leave. The cop pulled him over and administered a Breathalyzer test. When the results showed a 0.0 blood-alcohol level, the puzzled policeman asked him how that was possible.

"Easy," was the reply. "Tonight was my turn to be the decoy."

What do politicians and bull sperm have in common? Only one in 1000 actually works.

Three uninterested students had just received their grades on a sex-education exam. One got a D-plus, the second a D-minus and the third an F.

"Someday, we're gonna knock that bitch teacher down," sneered the first.

"And we're gonna strip her," the second added.

"And kick her in the balls," said the third.

Mikhail Gorbachev's secretary buzzed the speakerphone and announced, "Mr. Bush is on the line saying he's willing to lend the Soviet Union fifty billion dollars, Mr. President, and he says we won't have to pay it back—ever."

Gorbachev picked up the receiver. "Hello... Neil?"

What do you call to get 100 Iraqis to leave a bingo game? "B-52!"

A recent Harvard business graduate landed a plum job in New York. After just a few months, he wired home to his parents in Kansas: MADE SUPERVISOR. FEATHER IN MY CAP.

Six weeks later came another wire: MADE MANAGEMENT. FEATHER IN MY CAP.

A third wire followed shortly: FIRED. SEND MONEY FOR TICKET TO FLY HOME.

His parents wired back: NO TICKET NECESSARY. USE FEATHERS.

What's the difference between American pilots and Iraqi pilots? American pilots break ground and fly into the wind.



A laid-back lion was ambling through the jungle one day when he came upon a monkey. Terrified, the monkey scampered up the nearest tree. The lion assured him there wasn't anything to be afraid of.

"I don't trust you," the monkey said. "You've been known to eat monkeys."

"I just ate, honest," the lion said. "I don't want to hurt you. I just want to be your friend."

The monkey wasn't buying it and wouldn't come down. "Tell you what," the lion said. "I'll tie my legs together so I can't hurt you. OK?"

After watching the lion tie himself up, the monkey cautiously climbed down, shaking like a leaf. "Why are you shaking like that? My legs are tied up. I can't hurt you."

"I know," the monkey said. "It's just that I never fucked a lion before."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"So, like, he asks what I do, OK? But when I say I'm an English, y' know, teacher, he gives me this, y' know, verbal, y' know, abuse! So I, like, drop him like a hot, y' know, potato, OK? Like, if there's anything I don't, y' know, need, it's an anti, y' know, intellectual, right?"



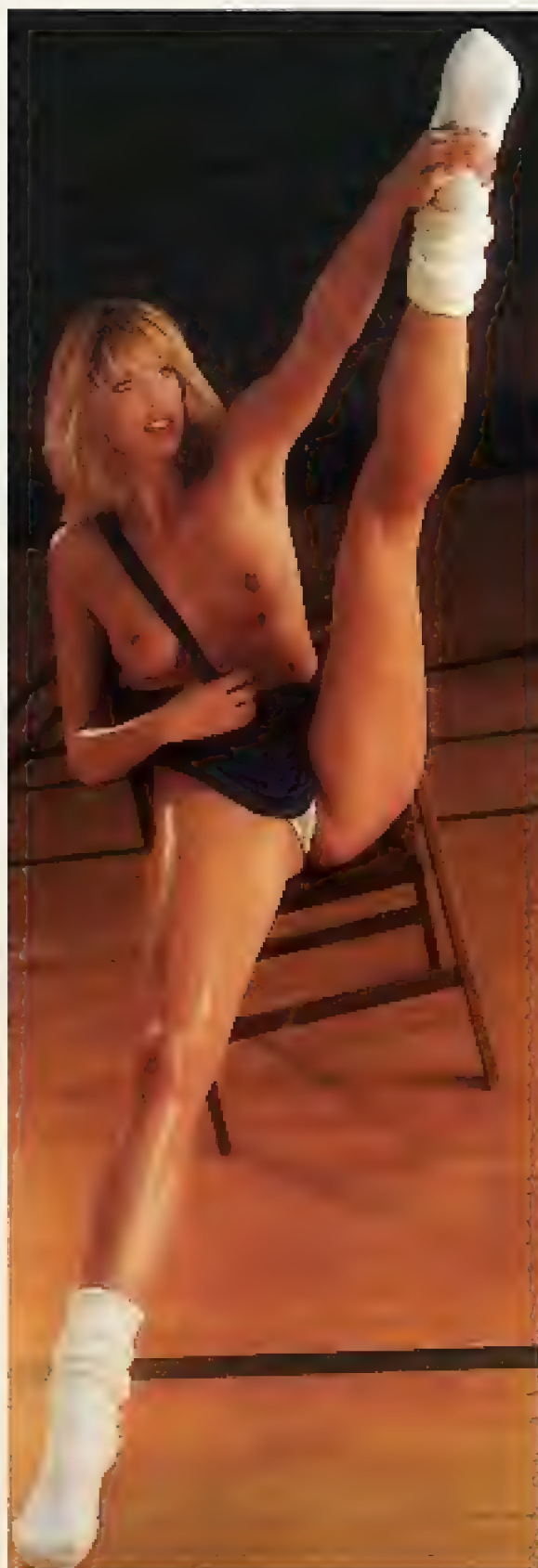
"There it goes again! . . . Sort of a 'bang-zinnng!' sound . . . !"



THE HEIGHT REPORT

look up—way up. it's the biggest playboy pictorial ever

REMEMBER the seventh grade? Puberty time. You were five feet tall and every girl in the world was gargantuan. It was scary until the night of the school dance, when, slow dancing for the first time, you found that your chin was at the exact level you'd have chosen if you yourself had dreamed up gender differences. Today, you're probably taller than most of the women you know, but unless you're Manute Bol, there's still a percentage of the female population that can outrebound you. Here are ten tall beauties to remind you of the night you discovered that women are worth looking up to. The shortest is UCLA volleyballer Jennifer McCloskey. She stands 5'11". From there, it's six inches to the indiscreet charm of Dallas' 6'5" Heidi Olsen (seen here and on the facing page, on which she barely fits), who once pumped up Lady Tigers fans as a hoops star at LSU. You didn't see Heidi in our *Girls of the S.E.C.* pictorial a few years back,



because, she says, "I didn't want to lose my basketball scholarship." Now the biggest beauty in her Big D real-estate office, she had nothing to lose but her inhibitions when we came calling again, "and everything to gain." By now, Heidi has gained millions of admirers, as well as drawn a few whistles, as the center of our attention. She's the tip-off to our vertiginous view of Playboy Heights—the sexiest skyline you are likely to see this month. On these 12 pages, you'll meet some of the most potentially intimidating women on earth. But don't worry. Remember the seventh-grade dance. Smile, take one step back and enjoy the view.

"A man's legs should be long enough to reach the floor." So said Abe Lincoln, 6'4" (stovepipe hat not included). Obviously no man, 6'5" Heidi Olsen (left) has gambs that touch sky and floor. On the facing page, she poses for a free shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley.



My sister and I want to marry tall men and have babies. We'll start a race of giants," says six-footer Tracy Tweed (above). Her sister is 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed, 5'10", who stars on CBS-TV's *Fly by Night*; the towering Tweeds teamed up in a recent *Playboy* pictorial. A globe-trotting fashion model who now co-hosts cable's magazine show *Playboy 360*, Tracy is much too smart to worry about height. "I like men who are six-three or six-four," she says. "I like 'em five feet tall, too."

Jennifer McCloskey, in heels that take her past six feet and a dress that measures a delicious three, is a UCLA volleyball spiker with high standards. To measure up, a man must be honest and sensitive—and tall.





You'll notice that this is the longest photo caption in *Playboy* history. That's to accommodate Deli Goldson (above left) and Julie Strain in the only way that can do them justice. Both are six-footers who deserve the stretch, but had we printed these pictures the usual way, we would have had to chop them off at the knees—a bloody awful thing to do to such leggy ladies. Panama-born Deli used to work at the—that's right—Carnegie Deli in Beverly Hills and dreams of becoming a newscaster or running an ad agency. Turned on by "life," she says, "I've learned to love myself as I am." Julie, a dog breeder and trainer, has learned to accept the slaving attentions of her fans, of whom there will soon be many more two-legged ones.



Ginger Connolly (above) studies exercise physiology at Cal State Fresno. You may know her frame from last October's *Girls of the Big West* or her net form as a front-liner for the Lady Bulldogs hoops team. Ginger appreciates "tall, proportioned" men; her fellow Californian Vicki Winston kicks up her heels (below) contemplating the Pacific, spicy food and/or European males. Vicki's driver's license lists her at 5'11". Don't tell the C.H.P. she's an inch taller. "My father always said I had the belly button of a Playmate," says the aptly named Heather Long (right). Exactly what Dad meant is a subject for reflection.









If you passed Michelle Holloway on the previous pages, back up. A 6'1" beauty, nude except for the boots on her endless legs, struggles with the carb of her Mazda and you dust her? Where were your manners, to say nothing of your sense of adventure? Give Michelle, who is fond of "short men," a lift home to Southern California. Give her your best Dudley Moore impression. Now speed east on the Ventura Freeway, bear south to Hollywood and meet actress and world-champ equestrienne Melissa Moore (above and right). Six-footer Melissa keeps her size in perspective. Check the headline on her bed. Then scan upward, then downward. There's a lot to like this month.





"Say, who's your sorcerer?"

GRAPEVINE

Back to Basics

Actress **ANDIE MACDOWELL**, who is fresh from her pairing with Gérard Depardieu in *Green Card*, can now be found acting up with Bruce Willis in *Hudson Hawk*. Andie's dandy.

Ain't Nothin' Like the Real Thing

Songwriters/singers **NICK ASHFORD** and **VALERIE SIMPSON** got their party clothes on (and slightly off) for a reception for the Congress of Racial Equality. With their new album hitting the streets, you can expect a concert tour, so put on *your* party clothes.



© RON GALELLA

The Thighs Have It

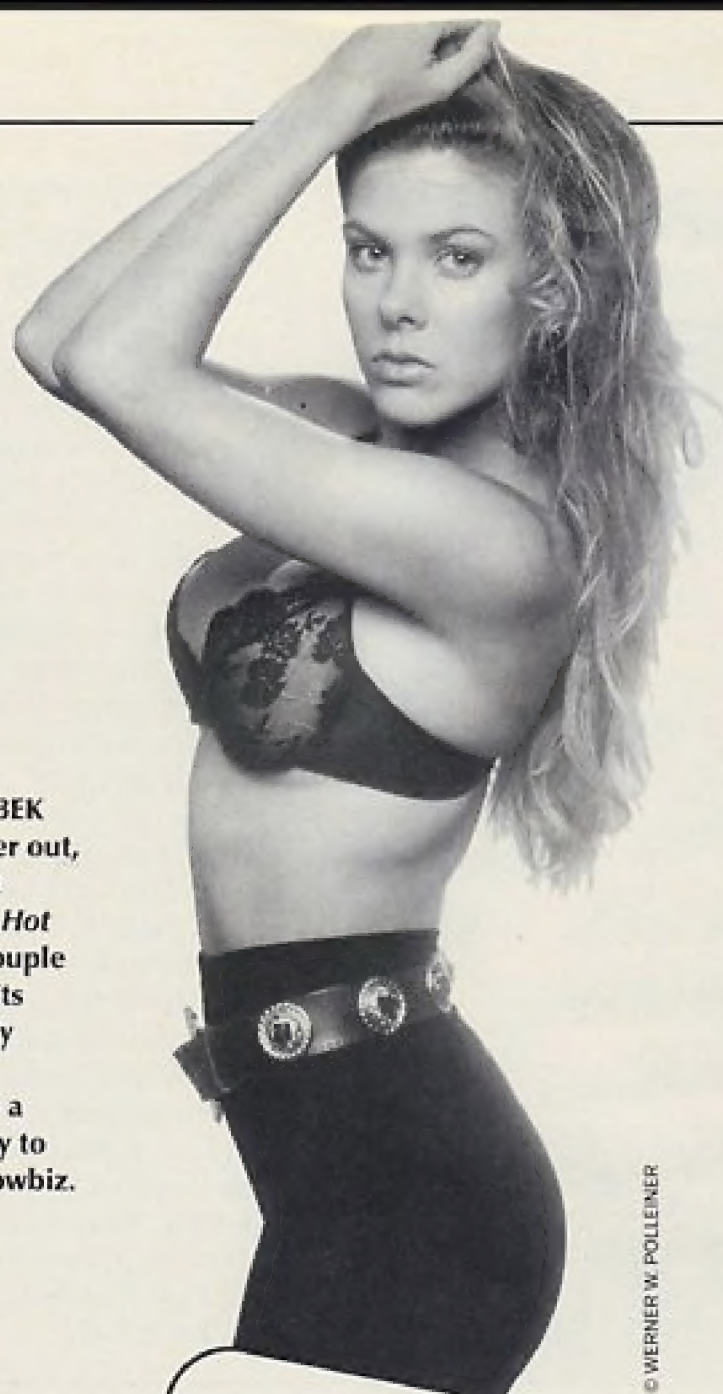
Actress **DEBRA LAMB** has worked in movies, in videos and on TV, often performing her special trick—eating fire. Speaking of hot stuff, run down to the video store and get *Satan's Princess*. Watch Debra fan the flames.



© DAN GOLDEN

Linda Loses Her Shirt

LINDA SOBEK has a poster out, a swimsuit video, *Too Hot Brazil*, a couple of TV credits and a really cute tush. Seems like a perfect way to start in showbiz.



© WERNER W. POLLENER



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC. (2)



Family Affair

What we have here are twins and triplets: GUNNAR and MATTHEW NELSON, whose debut album, *After the Rain*, has already gone platinum, and the TRIPLETS, whose debut LP, . . . *Thicker than Water*, had the largest initial radio response of any debut artist on their label. Double or triple your fun: Nelson's first tour sold out and the Triplets will be on the road through the fall. See for yourself why two or three are better than one.

ANDY PEARLMAN



© EBET ROBERTS

A Poke and a Joke

At a reception for radio and late-night talk-show host RICK DEES, C & C Music Factory singer ZELMA DAVIS stopped by to say hello and check out these nudes, originally commissioned for the 1980 summer Olympics. An informal anatomy lesson separated the buns from the puns.



Why We Love the Beach

As you can see, actress TERRI WILGREN has no tan lines. When she's not in *Grapevine*, she's acting in Prince's movies, most recently *Graffiti Bridge*. Surf's up, Terri!



THE CD DUNNIT

There's nothing elementary about *Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective*, the first in a series of software titles designed for NEC's TurboGrafx CD player. The game features three murder mysteries in which the player becomes Holmes, interacting with 50 characters while attempting to deduce which clues are valuable and which are red herrings. Real actors were cast for the games and their images were then digitized along with other graphics onto the compact disc. The price: about \$60. Quick, Watson, the wallet!



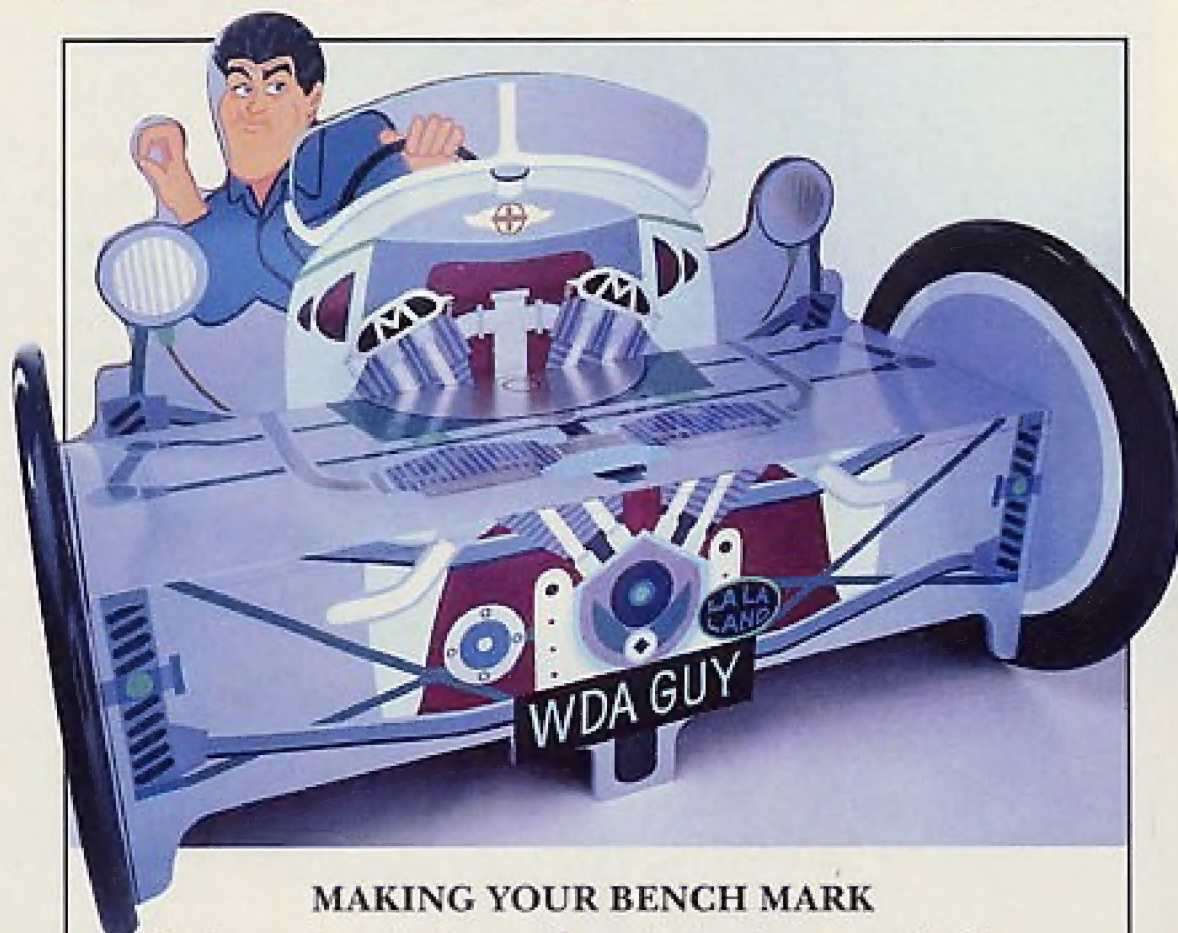
WAY TO FLY!

When it comes to airplanes, if you believe that the only class is first class, consider subscribing to *The First Class Review*, a newsletter that rates 40 domestic and international airlines. A year's subscription costs \$100, or you can purchase individual airline reviews for three dollars each by calling 800-735-2819. Singapore Airlines, for example, gets an A for in-flight service but only a C for entertainment. Take your time eating.



NO STRINGS ATTACHED

You might say that Reversitiles by Jerice has the women's swimsuit market nicely wrapped up. But while Jerice may have invented the bathing suit pictured here, the lady in your life actually creates it—winding the straps that form the top of the nylon/Lycra suit around her body any way she wants to. The suits come in sizes three through 16, with bottoms in both full and thong style. You can choose from 600 color combinations, including black and fuchsia, yellow and pink, orange and purple—plus, there's a leopard-skin look. Reversitiles by Jerice's price is \$68 each. Call 800-486-9116 for details.



MAKING YOUR BENCH MARK

Oh, that madcap Jay Leno. Not only does he own and drive great cars and motorcycles in real life, he gets his likeness depicted on a piece of automotive furniture, too. Actually, the five-foot-wide bench shown here, painted to depict Leno aboard a Morgan three-wheeler, was a surprise birthday present from friends—Leno being the proud owner of a real Morgan trike. The company that created the bench, Eccentric Seating, 1644 North Sedgwick Street, Chicago 60614, offers several colors and seating styles with a variety of sports-related themes. Chairs are \$1600, a bench is \$2800 and a customized bench with an individual portrait is \$3200. Jay, you look good!

PUTTIN' ON A FIVE-STAR RITZ

The Ritz-Carlton in Naples, Florida, itself a *Mobil Travel Guide* Five-Star winner, was host for this year's gala Five-Star awards weekend, with only 33 out of more than 21,000 restaurants and lodgings rated receiving the accolade. New Mobil Five-Star winners are the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills, The Inn at Little Washington Restaurant (the inn also has Five Stars) and La Côte Basque in New York.



POP GOES THE BLANKET

Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon would have loved this—a beach blanket that pops open from a 20-inch disc to a 64"x40" sun spot faster than Annette could say, "Can somebody rub some oil on my back?" The blanket is of sturdy, quick-drying polyester/cotton and, yes, it easily folds up when you're heading for home. The popOPEN Company sells the popOPEN blanket for \$29.95, post-paid, sent to P.O. Box 23, Pacific Palisades, California 90272. A 64"x52" picnic version costs \$39.95.



HOT METAL

Think the largest car manufacturer in the world is General Motors, Volkswagen or Toyota? Think again. They're small potatoes compared with mighty Mattel, the toy company that recently produced its billionth pint-sized automobile. To commemorate the event, Mattel is introducing the Hot Wheels Billionth Car Collection, featuring four gold-toned Corvette models: the 1963 Split-Window, the 1968 Stingray, the Eighties Hardtop and the Custom Convertible. The cars and the commemorative stand are about five dollars each at hobby shops and toy stores. Take two; they're small. *Very* small.



"They've hung everything on me but the Chicago fire."



MAKING CRIME PAY

"Do you guys know there's a bigger markup in fresh milk than there is in alcohol? We've been in the wrong racket all along!" Yes, we're quoting Big Al Capone, who also said, "I give the public what it wants." These and other pearls of wisdom on vice and violence are in *The Quotable Al Capone*, by Mark Levell and *Playboy* Contributing Editor William J. Helmer. The Chicago Typewriter Company, 14170 South Cicero, #201, Crestwood, Illinois 60445, sells the book for \$10.50, postpaid.

CONVERSATION STARTER

Banning Enterprises of Farmingdale, New York, manufactures Lady's Choice, "the hilarious talking key chain that lets you 'pick him up' or 'put him down.'" And what does the talking key chain say? Well, depending on where you press its red button, you'll hear "Nice buns!" or "What a hunk!" or "Get lost!" or "You're a loser!" Card and novelty stores stock Lady's Choice, or you can call 800-426-9881 for information on a local retailer. The price: about ten dollars. For that kind of money, buy us a drink and we'll follow you anywhere.



NEXT MONTH



FUTURE STUFF



LENNY'S LEGACY



SWINGING SPORT



DREAMY WOMEN

"UNCLE SAM TAKES A SNOOZE"—WHY DO WE ENCOURAGE REVOLT AGAINST TYRANTS AND THEN ABANDON OUR REBEL PALS?—A MEMOIR BY *PLAYBOY'S MEN* COLUMNIST, **ASA BABER**

"VEGAS WINNER"—OUR AUGUST PLAYMATE, **CORINNA HARNEY**, COMES UP ACES IN A TOWN FULL OF PLAYERS

"BACK-TO-THE-FUTURE STUFF"—HOLOGRAPHIC FOOD, LIQUID SUNGLASSES AND SELF-PARKING CARS ARE AMONG THE GALAXY OF GADGETS THAT WILL BE COMING TO STORES NEAR YOU BY THE YEAR 2002—EXCERPTED FROM THE BOOK BY **MALCOLM ABRAMS** AND **HARRIET BERNSTEIN**

ROBERT DOWNEY, JR., TAKES A STAND ON **BRET EASTON ELLIS'** LATEST CONTRIBUTION, REVEALS THE MOST REGRETTABLE THING HE HAS EVER DONE AND TELLS US WHY **DAVID LETTERMAN** FILLS HIM WITH DREAD IN A ZANY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"BOOMTOWN"—LIFE ON AN OIL RIG LEADS TO A FACE-OFF BETWEEN TWO MEN, ONE WITH A KNIFE AND ONE IN A RAGE—FICTION BY **CRAIG VETTER**

"CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'"—A PICTORIAL OF GORGEOUS WOMEN FROM THE HOT SANDS OF THE GOLDEN STATE

"LENNY BRUCE: THE ONE AND ONLY"—ONCE IN A GENERATION COMES A COMIC WITH THE POWER TO CHANGE PEOPLE'S VIEWS OF THEIR CULTURE. THAT'S WHAT LENNY DID WITH HIS FURIOUSLY FUNNY, ACERBIC SHTICK. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE*—BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

"THE MEN FROM D.A.R.P.A."—HOW THE PENTAGON'S LITTLE-KNOWN BAND OF TECHNOLOGICAL GREEN BERETS PUT US OVER THE TOP IN THE PERSIAN GULF—BY **JOHN SEDGWICK**

DARYL GATES, THE BESIEGED LOS ANGELES POLICE CHIEF, TALKS ABOUT THE SCANDAL THAT HAS ROCKED HIS DEPARTMENT AND OFFERS HEATED OPINIONS ABOUT DRUGS AND CRIME IN A DON'T-MISS **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

PLAYBOY'S INDISPENSABLE GOLF PACKAGE INCLUDES THE ULTIMATE LESSON, THE LATEST ON TARGET GOLF AND AN INTERVIEW WITH AMERICA'S FAVORITE SWINGER, **LEE TREVINO**

PLUS: **"PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT,"** BY **KEN GROSS**; **"GREAT BOWLS OF FIRE"**—FROM TEX-MEX TO CAJUN, FROM SZECHWAN TO THAI, SPICY FOOD ADDS FLAVOR TO AMERICA'S DINING TASTES, BY **JOHN OLD-CASTLE**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE